

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Poetry"

### Verse one: krs-one

Well now you're forced to listen to the teacher and the lesson  
Class is in session so you can stop guessin  
If this is a tape or a written down memo  
See I am a professional, this is not a demo  
In fact call it a lecture, a visual picture  
Sort of a poetic and rhythm-like mixture  
Listen, I'm not dissin but there's somethin that you're missin  
Maybe you should touch reality, stop wishin  
For beats with plenty bass and lyrics said in haste  
If this meaning doesn't manifest put it to rest  
I am a poet, you try to show it, yet blow it  
It takes concentration for fresh communication  
Observation, that is to see without speaking  
Take off your coat, take notes, I am teachin  
A class, or rather school, cause you need schooling  
I am not a king or queen, I'm not ruling  
This is an introduction to poetry  
A small dedication to those that might know of me  
They might know of you and maybe your gang  
But one thing's for sure, neither one of y'all can hang  
Cause yo I'm like a arrow, and scott is the crossbow  
Say something now ... thought so  
You seem to be the type that only understand  
The annihilation and destruction of the next man  
That's not poetry, that is insanity  
It's simply fantasy far from reality  
Poetry is the language of imagination  
Poetry is a form of positive creation  
Difficult, isn't it? the point? you're missin it  
Your face is in front of my hand so I'm dissin it

### Verse two: krs-one

Scott larock is innovating, decorating hip-hop  
The beat may drop but not like all the others  
They just cover while I just smother  
Every single stupid mutha -- wait wait brotha  
Krs-one will have to show another  
Mc or self-proclaimed king or queen  
Or gang or crew or solo or team  
That I mean

# Business

So tell me what is this?  
See I come from the bronx so just kiss this  
Boogie down productions is somewhat an experiment  
The antidote for sucka mc's and they're fearin it  
It's self-explanatory, no one's writin for me  
The poetry I'm rattlin is really not for battlin  
But if you want I will simply change the program  
So when I'm done you will simply say "damn"  
So this conversation is somewhat hypothetical  
Boogie down productions attempts to prove somethin  
I say hypothetical because it's only theory  
My theory, so take a minute now to hear me

## Verse three: krs-one

So what's your problem?  
It seems you want to be krs-two  
From my point of view, backtrack, stop the attack  
Cos krs-one means simply one krs  
That's it, that's all, solo, single, no more, no less  
I've built up my credential financially and mental  
Anytime I rhyme I request the instrumental  
I speak clearly and that's merely  
Or should I say a mere, help to my career  
I'm really not into fashion or craze  
Just the one who pays and how soon I get a raise  
You're probably in a daze, acting out of sympathy  
Wrote a couple of rhymes and think that you can get with me  
But what a pity, I'm rockin new york city  
And everywhere else, you put the jams on the shelf  
You as an amateur is outspoken  
I'm looking at your face, you seem to be hopin  
That I might stutter, stop, or just mess up  
But everything's live that's why I don't dress up  
"blastmaster krs" a synonym for "fresh"  
I'm the teacher of the class, I do not pass no test  
Got dj scott larock by my side, not in back of me  
Cos we make up the boogie down productions crew faculty  
Get it right, or train yourself not to bite  
Cos when you bite you have bitten, when I hear it, that's it  
I do not contemplate a battle cause it really ain't worth it  
I'd rather point a pistol at your head and try to burst it

I'm teaching poetry

I'm teaching poetry

Scott larock

We're teaching po-e-try

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "South Bronx"

Scott la rock: yo, wassup blastmaster krs-one. this jam is kickin'  
Krs: word! yo, what-up d-nice?  
D-nice: yo, wassup scott la rock?  
Slr: yo man, we chillin' this funky fresh jam. I wanna tell  
You a little somethin' about us. we're the boogie down  
Productions crew and due to the fact that no-one else out there  
Knew what time it was, we have to tell you a little story about  
Where we come from...

South bronx, the south south bronx (4x)

Many people tell me this style is terrific  
It is kinda different but let's get specific  
Krs-one specialized in music  
I'll only use this type of style when I choose it  
Party people in the place to be, krs-one attacks  
Ya got dropped off mca cause the rhymes you wrote was wack  
So you think that hip-hop had it's start out in queensbridge  
If you popped that junk up in the bronx you might not live  
Cause you're in...

South bronx, the south south bronx (4x)

I came with scott larock to express one thing  
I am a teacher and others are kings  
If that's a title they earn, well it's well deserved, but  
Without a crown, see, I still burn  
You settle for a pebble not a stone like a rebel  
Krs-one is the holder of a boulder, money folder  
You want a fresh style let me show ya  
Now way back in the days when hip-hop began  
With coque larock, kool herc, and then bam  
Beat boys ran to the latest jam  
But when it got shot up they went home and said "damn  
There's got to be a better way to hear our music every day  
Beat boys gettin blown away but comin outside anyway"  
They tried again outside in cedar park  
Power from a street light made the place dark  
But yo, they didn't care, they turned it out  
I know a few understand what I'm talkin about  
Remember bronx river rollin thick  
With kool dj red alert and chuck chillout on the mix  
When afrika islam was rockin the jams

And on the other side of town was a kid named flash  
Patterson and millbrook projects  
Casanova all over, ya couldn't stop it  
The nine lives crew, the cypress boys  
The real rock steady takin out these toys  
As odd as it looked, as wild as it seemed  
I didn't hear a peep from a place called queens  
It was seventy-six, to 1980  
The dreads in brooklyn was crazy  
You couldn't bring out your set with no hip-hop  
Because the pistols would go...

So why don't you wise up, show all the people in the place that you are wack  
Instead of tryna take out ll, you need to take your homeboys off the crack  
Cos if you don't, well, then their nerves will become shot  
And that would leave the job up to my own scott larock  
And he's from...

South bronx, the south south bronx (8x)

The human tr-808, d-nice  
The poet, the blastmaster krs-one  
The grand incredible dj scott la rock  
Boogie...down...productions  
Fresh for '86, suckers!  
(ha ha ha ha ha)

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "9mm Goes Bang"

La la-la la-la la-la la...la...la...la  
La la-la la-la la-la la..la..la..la...la

Buck! buck!

Chorus:

Wa da da dang  
Wa da da da dang (ay!)  
Listen to my 9 millimeter go bang  
Wa da da dang  
Wa da da da dang (ay!)  
This is krs-one...

Verse 1:

Me knew a crack dealer by the name of peter  
Had to buck him down with my 9 millimeter  
He said I had his girl, I said "now what are you? stupid? "  
But he tried to play me out and krs-one knew it  
He reached for his pistol but it was just a waste  
Cos my 9 millimeter was up against his face  
He pulled his pistol anyway and I filled him full of lead  
But just before he fell to the ground this is what I said...

Repeat chorus

La la-la la-la la-la la...la...la...la  
La la-la la-la la-la la..la..la..la...la x2

Verse 2:

Seven days later I was chillin in the herb gate  
But seven days too much when the gossip has to circulate  
Puffin sensemilla I heard "knock knock knock"  
But the way that they knocked it did not sound like any cop  
And if it were a customer they'd ask me for a nick  
So suddenly I realized it had to be a trick  
I dropped down to the floor and they did not waste no time  
They shot right through the door so I had to go for mine  
They pumped and shot again but the suckas kept on missin  
Cos I was on the floor by now, I crawled into the kitchen  
Thirty seconds later, boy, they bust the door down

The money and the sensemi' was lyin all around  
But just as they put their pistols down to take a cut  
Me jumped out the kitchen, went "buck! buck! buck!"  
They fall down to the floor but one was still alive  
So I put my 9 millimeter right between his eyes  
Looked at his potnah and both of them were dead  
So just before he joined his potnah this is what I said...

Repeat chorus

La la-la la-la la...la...la...la  
La la-la la-la la-la la..la..la...la...la x2

Verse 3:

I gathered all the money and I ran up the block  
I said "this is a perfect time to meet with scott larock"  
But scott is either psychic or he has a knack for trouble  
Cos scott larock showed up in a all-black bmw  
I jumped inside the car and we screeched off in a hurry  
And scott said "what is wrong? relax, tell me the story"  
I said "you remember peter? well his posse tried to kill me  
I'm all right now because the sensemi' fill me"  
Scott just laughed, he said "i know they're all dead  
And just before you pulled the trigger this is what you said..."

Repeat chorus

La la-la la-la la...la...la...la  
La la-la la-la la-la la..la..la...la...la x2

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Word From Our Sponsor"

Intro:

This is a test  
Of the boogie down production  
Prevention against sucka mc's  
In the event of a real emergency  
You would have been instructed  
    On which jams to play  
And how loud to blast your radio  
And now, a word from our sponsor

Verse one:

I'm from the bronx, blastmaster krs-one  
Provin that my job ain't done until I get some  
    More, no need to roar or yell  
    Cos I can still tell what will sell  
And would have sold without yellin over a drum roll  
    That style is old, so unfold  
    Blossom, bloom, you got the room  
    So go ahead and consume  
    A new era, krs-one comes better  
    Bite another lyric? never  
    Cos I'm too clever, however  
    I own my own label  
Partners with scott larock, he's on the turntable  
    And partner lee smith  
    I'm exercising a true gift just to uplift  
    Hip-hop, hip-hop  
    My voice is like a monster  
And now a word from our sponsor

Verse two:

Two, three, four, five, sex, seven, eight, nine, ten  
    I gotta start this rhyme again  
    How many words can I find that rhyme  
And still keep in mind every lyric must come out on time  
    Not many but I have plenty  
    Scott larock sent me just to devastate any-  
    One, any daughter, any son that comes my way  
    Hey, you got to go the other way  
    I represent my dj scott larock

D-nice, the beat box  
I only wear nike's, not adidas or reeboks  
Many people know me, yet I'm known by few  
My name is krs-one, son  
Not two or three or four or five or six  
The mix is on scott larock and scott larock is on the mix

Verse three:

Cool like the air we breathe  
Inhale, exhale, perpetrators will fail  
As sure as my name is "blastmaster krs"  
Sit and listen to the very essence of this tale  
From the days of prison I have uprisen  
To my family members I'm marked down as missin  
Listen, circumstances put me right in the street  
With the will to survive, get paid, eat, and sleep  
Some weep, or should I rather say some cry  
Can't get by so later on they die  
Because the strong will survive  
The weak will perish  
Ignorance is a poison and knowledge will nourish  
I love what I got and like what I had  
I'm glad, not sad, and I don't even get mad  
I get even, myself and some others I believe in  
Cos these others are my brothas and perfection we're achievin  
Yes, my name is krs, my brother is a rasta  
Let me pause, and now a word from our sponsor

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Elementary"

### Verse 1:

I hear the same old rhyme, the same old style  
The same old runner has ran the mile  
See, I don't know exactly what you know  
But what I know is that stuff gotta go  
Usually when I pick up the mic  
Something I'll jumps out my mouth for that night  
I like to talk about fact not fiction  
I got some fantasy rhymes but just listen  
Everything I write is premeditated  
Suckas wanna fake it, I just hate it  
Bitin routines or sayin somethin kinda weak  
My words are comprehended every time I speak  
Or have spoken, no I'm not jokin  
Please don't sleep, I hope you are awoken  
Stop! try this again, you had enough? say when  
I am the man with the six-pack of heineken  
I get tipsy  
But never in your life try to dis me  
Cos I don't battle with rhymes, I battle with guns  
Knowledge reigns supreme over nearly every one  
If you take the first letter of what I just sung  
You spell my name "krs-one"  
It's elementary

### Elementary

### Verse 2:

Dj scott larock and i: krs-one  
Our mother's first son and no, we'll never run  
From complex situations like you t-o-y-s's  
Always talkin junk, yet in jail, you're rockin dresses  
I have arrived for the purpose of joy  
Unlike any ordinary bronx b-boy  
I will volunteer my services and launch an attack  
On you fake educators with your yakety-yak  
This is a fact, the teacher is here now in the flesh  
Consistently hounded by you mc pests  
If you really want to learn from me  
Don't waste time in burnin me  
Cos ignorance and inexperience does not concern me

I will emphasize so you will realize and come alive  
Never close your eyes, never sleep or you might take a dive  
Many people hate me, many people love me  
Some are far below me  
And you know there's some above me  
But this, my hypothesis, to conclude the story  
All you fake mc's on a mission, you bore me  
I'm the blastmaster krs on the mic  
Watchin all these females rock their pants too tight  
Cos there's no other creative composition on display  
That give a full analysis and rock this way  
You will pay, eventually you all will decay  
While the dj scott larock will continue to play  
Cuttin records, drivin cars, and you'll know who we are  
Make a mix just for kicks  
And you'll be on our tip  
And, oh yes, there's a highlight to the show, of course  
You hear dj scott larock (go off! go off!)

(scott la rock) (go off! go off!) x8

### Verse 3:

Boogie down productions, no reduction to it's title  
If you have a headache, toys, go and take a midol  
We have arrived for the purpose of enjoyment  
You have arrived to make up for unemployment  
You're on it only cos I learned just how to flaunt it  
I breathed a rhyme upon you like a sickness and you caught it  
Quick, get off the tip, trick, you must be sick  
Like a doctor here's my bill, I wrote it out with a bic  
Signed my name upon the bottle cos you know I just rocked em  
But gettin into battles really isn't my thing  
You're probably thinking these are the rhymes for the century  
But please don't mention me  
It's only elementary

Elementary

All it really is to me and scott la rock...is elementary

Elementary

Elementary

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Dope Beat"

[krs]i got a dope beat?  
[all]you got a dope beat  
[krs] I got a dope beat..  
[all] we got a dope beat  
[krs]i got a dope beat..  
[all] you got a dope beat  
[krs] I got a dope beat!!  
[all] we got a dope beat!!

My name is at the top of all of those that mix  
I'm turnin poetry into cash for eighty-seven  
Some did it got paid, some jams were never played  
But I am just a poet who watched the whole parade  
    Go by, and why? cause they wasn't fly  
    Others claim to be fresh, but they're not krs  
I cannot walk around the street, with my head in the clouds  
    Either runnin on my gear, or havin colors too loud  
    Everything must coincide with the way I feel  
And by the way, it's scott larock on the wheels of steel  
    So I take one step, to adjust the mic  
    I get around the whole city so I do wear nike  
    I like a funky beat, a studio like unique  
I write the crazy fresh lyrics and I don't eat meat  
    You can look me up and down, and my dj too  
Because we make up the boogie down productions crew  
    Takin out mc's - on the 1, 2, 3  
    No matter who they claim to be in society  
Because we know their games, we have pulled their file  
    If they need a different style we can get wild  
        He's i.c.u., he's out to kill  
        I'm krs, and we get ill  
        Dj scott larock got his own beat  
        The extravagant life, is what we seek  
I will tell you like this, cause I know for a fact  
    I will live a long life, and I don't smoke crack  
    Captivatin the crowd, seven days a week  
You know what they told me to say? I got the dope beat

[krs]i got a dope beat  
[all]you got a dope beat  
[krs]i got the dope beat  
[all]we got a dope beat  
[krs] I got a dope beat?

[all] you got a dope beat  
[krs]i got a dope beat!!  
[all]we got the dope beat!!

For me to say again another verse of my rhyme  
Means what you heard before must've blew up your mind  
So now it's time, to find, poetry like mine  
Do not waste all your time because I'm one-of-a-kind  
Pullin out, easy goin cause the money be flowin  
6'4", brown eyes, and I'm always showin  
Stupid mc's on the mic the way it 'posed to be done  
They study rhymes all week, but I be rhymin for fun  
When they lose they get upset, always pullin a gun  
But they will snap out of that, because I'm krs-one  
Not two, not three, but o-n-e  
Get it right the first time I won't repeat this rhyme  
If you think that you can burn me with your amateur ways  
Keep in mind that I been out there, from back in the days  
I don't braaaaaaaaag, about the people I know  
Because they're still bluffin, they're not givin me nothin  
I can walk around the city with the rhymes I flaunt  
Cause no matter how you front they're still the ones you want  
See, I am funky fresh and poetry is my opinion  
Takin out you suckers while the scott larock is spinnin!

.. \*guitar interlude\* ..

My name is krs-one, I'm still kinda young  
I don't wear adidas cause my name ain't run  
Got nike's on my feet, and to be complete  
I can rock an american or reggae beat  
Got rhymes for 70's, 80's, and 90's  
Not bein conceited but it won't pay to try me  
Out to any feud, any battle, any reason  
Make the rhymes up every season this style I'm just teasin  
Pick up the pace, homeboy, pick up the pace  
You're way behind schedule, listen to what I'm tellin you  
This particular style may vary  
The things I converse about are heard rarely  
Some can't bear me, others try to scare me  
Soundin intelligent but not yet equivalent!!  
You know what? ?

[all]you got a dope beat  
[krs]i got a dope beat!  
[all] we got a dope beat  
[krs] I got the dope beat?  
[all]you got the dope beat  
[krs]i got the dope beat!

[all]we got the dope beat!  
[krs]i've got the dope beat!  
[all]you've got the dope beat  
[krs]i got the dope beat!  
[all]we got the dope beat  
[krs]beat that we got? ?  
[all] the dope beat!

I.c.u., is in the house...  
Miss melodie, is in the house...  
Lena love, is in the house...  
D-nice, rocks the house...  
Gold miss idol, rocks the house...  
Flavois walker, turns em out...  
40th street black, knocks em out...  
To my mellow moses gun, rock the house...  
Naughty, bust it out...  
Mcboo, turns it out...  
Chuck chillout, cuts it up...  
Red alert, breaks it out...  
Scott larock jr..  
My pride and joy...  
Krs-one.. his mother's first son  
And no he'll never run...  
Bd... bd...  
Scott larock...  
Scott larock

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "The P Is Free"

Yes, scott larock you know you rule hip-hop  
Yes, mr. lee you can rule hip-hop  
And, b-57 you can rule hip-hop  
But, krs-one rule it non-stop  
When I'm in brooklyn, yes, we rulin hip-hop  
When I'm in manhattan, we rulin hip-hop  
When I'm in queens, we rulin hip-hop  
And when in staten island we rulin hip-hop  
But in the bronx, we rulin y'all tonight  
But in the bronx, we rulin y'all tonight  
We come to rock you whether you're black or you're white  
Cos krs-one you know I'm never ? frank?  
Come catch a star

The girlies are free  
Cos the crack costs money  
Oh yeah  
I say the girlies are free  
Cos the crack costs money  
Oh yeah

Ridin one day on my freestyle fix  
Jammin to a tape scott larock had mixed  
I said to myself "this tape sound funky"  
Ridin past the 116th street junkie  
Thought I saw denise but I was only assumin  
Took another look and that butt was boomin  
Did a little trick on my freestyle fix  
And I was right beside the girl, she was all on the tip  
She said "hi, dj krs"  
She kissed me on my neck so I gave her a peck  
She said "i'm really in a hurry so I cannot wait  
If you give me a life while we ride to the ? bait? "  
She jumped on my bike, I said "huh, what's your stop? "  
She said "right around the corner to the crack spot  
If you buy me a crack I'll know how to act  
But if you don't, you might as well step back"  
I said "now how the hell we jump off to this?  
I'm doin you a favor, I'm givin you a lift"  
She said "krs, you know it goes"  
I said "yeah, you little.....it seems that you're a hoe"  
I did a little trick on my freestyle fix  
And she was right on the ground lookin after it

Because...

A girl tried to take my out one day  
For a play, not your everyday ? trey?  
We walked to the spot, she says she want a rock  
I looked in my pocket, didn't have a lot  
I said "you better get yourself a job"  
She tried to tell me that times were hard  
I told the hoe, I said "yo, that's not my fault  
You need a vault", I'm out to assault  
Any girl I find who try to take my for mine  
I'm gonna have to ? pin? it just another time  
But...

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "The Bridge Is Over"

Intro:

I say, the bridge is over, the bridge is over, biddy-bye-bye!  
The bridge is over, the bridge is over, hey, hey!  
The bridge is over, the bridge is over, biddy-bye-bye!  
The bridge is over, the bridge is over

Verse one:

You see me come in any dance wid de spliff of sensei  
Down with the sound called bdp  
If you want to join the crew well you must see me  
Ya can't sound like shan or the one marley  
Because shan and marley marl dem-a-rhymin like they gay  
Pickin up the mic, mon, dem don't know what to say  
Sayin that hip-hop started out in queensbridge  
Sayin lies like that, mon, you know dem can't live  
So i, tell them again, me come to tell them again, gwan!  
Tell them again, me come to tell them agaaaain  
Tell them again, me come to tell them again, gwan!  
Tell them again, me come to te-ell them  
Manhattan keeps on makin it, brooklyn keeps on takin it  
Bronx keeps creatin it, and queens keeps on fakin it

Verse two:

Di-di di-da, di di-di, dida di-day, aiy!  
All you sucka mc, won't you please come out to play, cause  
Here's an example of krs-one, bo!  
Here's an example of krs-one  
They wish to battle bdp, but they cannot  
They must be on the dick of who? dj scott larock  
Cause, we don't complain nor do we play the game of favors  
Boogie down productions comes in three different flavors  
Pick any dick for the flavor that you savor  
Mr. magic might wish to come and try to save ya  
But instead of helpin ya out he wants the same thing I gave ya  
I finally figured it out, magic mouth is used for suckin  
Roxanne shante is only good for steady fuckin  
Mc shan and marley marl is really only bluffin  
Like doug e. fresh said "i tell you now, you ain't nuthin"  
Compared to red alert on kiss and boogie down productions  
So easy now man, I me say easy now mon

To krs-one you know dem can't understand  
Me movin over there and then me movin over here  
This name of this routine is called live at union square  
Square, square, square, ooooooooooooooooooooooo  
What's the matter with your mc, marley marl?  
Don't know you know that he's out of touch  
What's the matter with your dj, mc shan?  
On the wheels of steel marlon sucks  
You'd better change what comes out your speaker  
You're better off talkin bout your wack puma sneaker  
Cause bronx created hip-hop, queens will only get dropped  
You're still tellin lies to me  
Everybody's talkin bout the juice crew funny  
But you're still tellin lies to me

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Super Hoe"

[phone ringing]

Scott: yo, kris. I really knocked the boots on those two big-butt Females last night.

Kris: jeeez!

Scott: yeah, man. I'm on my way down to latin quarter to find two More freaks...

Kris: word...

[super sperm]

Chorus: repeat 2x

Scott larock had em all  
He is the super hoe

[super sperm]

Verse one: krs-one

Scott larock is for now the main topic  
Not looking at his cuts or cash flow of the pocket  
You may not realize it or you may not know  
    But, uh... (he is the super hoe)  
    When I say super I'm not exaggeratin  
    Datin for a guy like scott turns into matin  
    He seems to be quiet but I don't buy it  
Proof is in the puddin, why don't you just try it  
    The super hoe is loose in your section  
    And he's armed with a powerful erection  
    So grab your girl and run for protection  
    Your momma too, cause I like to mention

Chorus

[super sperm] 4x

Verse two: krs-one

Whatever you could do or say inside a bed  
Scott larock has done and most likely said  
He doesn't argue with a girl cause yes, he has others  
    Keep updated on all kind of rubbers  
    Got ones that are lambskin, others that are plastic

One day he'll open a school for prophylactics  
They don't know... (he is the super hoe)  
Up in rochester on dkx  
Wdkx, now dk-sex  
We were bein interviewed there live on air  
Every girl in the city scott had an affair  
Km in the am had asked his last question  
But scott larock said "wait, I gotta mention  
The fact that I'm single, I like to mingle"  
And one more time bust the fresh jingle

Chorus

[super sperm] 4x

Verse three: krs-one

In the field of music I'll always pass by  
Girls that claim to act so fly  
They always act like it's all about them or their friends  
But according to scott, they all like to bend  
Yes, fly girls, shy girls, black girls, white girls  
In eighty-seven it's got to be the right girl  
If you claim to have a little problem  
Well, scott larock knows just how to solve em  
If you're a guy a nine'll do the trick  
But if you're a girl, you need some... flowers  
I admit scott has strange powers  
Enticing girls in less than an hour  
Or should I say minutes? I seen how he did it  
He probably says "i'm scott larock" and she's with it  
So whether he's a gigolo, tramp, or pro... (he is the super hoe)  
Now many people have their ways of expressin  
What they do best, for scott it's undressin  
Yes, either a girl or some date for the night  
He doesn't want to hear that you're too tight  
So do not think that scott larock is mean  
It's not his fault, he'll give you vaseline  
The super hoe is loose in your area  
Makin life for girls a little scarier  
So if you got a radio tryin to tape this  
Do not keep in mind that he is a rapist  
For the super hoe to be chillin  
Another female out there has to be willin  
So all you tramps and hoes raise your hand  
Cos super hoe scott larock understands  
If you're a guy we'll talk about hangin  
And if you're a girl he'll talk about bangin  
If your moms call up, well, I don't know

But uh... (he is the super hoe)

Chorus

[super sperm] 8x

Chorus 3x

[super sperm]

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Criminal Minded"

Intro: (sung by krs-one to the tune of the beatles "let it be")

Boogie down productions will always get paid  
We'll take the wackest song and make it better  
Remember to let us into your skin  
Cause then you'll begin, to master  
Rhymin rhymin rhymin

Verse one: krs-one

Criminal minded, you've been blinded  
Lookin for a style like mine you can't find it  
They are the audience, I am the lyricist  
Sometimes the suckas on the side gotta hear this  
Page, a rage, and I'm not in a cage  
Free as a bird to fly up out on stage  
Ain't here for no frontin just to say a little somethin  
Ya suckaz don't like me cause you're all about nothin  
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter  
My all-around performance gets better and better  
My english grammar comes down like a hammer  
You need a style, I need to pull your file  
I don't beg favors, you're kissing other people's ---  
I write and produce myself just as fast  
Keep my hair like this, got no time for jheri curls  
Attractin only women, got no time for little girls

[krs sings again] cause girls look so good  
But their brain is not ready, I don't know  
I'd rather talk to a woman  
Cause her mind is so steady, so here we go

I'm not a musical maniac or b-boy fanatic  
I simply made use of what was upstairs in the attic  
I've listened to these mc's back when I was a kid  
But I bust more shots than they ever did  
I mean this is not the best of krs, it's just a section  
But how many times must I point you in the right direction  
You need protection, when I'm on the mic  
Because my mouth is like a 9 millimeter windpipe  
You're a king, I'm a teacher  
You're a b-boy, I'm a scholar  
If this was a class, well it would go right under drama

See kings lose crowns but teachers stay intelligent  
Talkin big words on the mic but still irrelevant  
Especially when you're not, college material  
Wake up every morning to your lucky charms cereal  
Dj scott larock has a college degree  
Blastmaster krs writes poetry  
I won't go deeper in the subject cause that gets me bored  
It's a shame to know some mc's on the mic are fraud  
Sayin styles like this to create a diss  
But if you listen, who you dissin?  
See I am a musician  
Rappin on the mic like this to me is fine  
Cause if I really want to battle I will put out a nine  
You can see that scott larock and I are mentally binded  
In other words we're both criminal minded

### Verse two: krs-one

We're not promoting violence, we're just havin some fun  
He's scott larock, I'm krs-one  
Never off-beat cause it don't make sense  
Grab the microphone, relaxed and not tense  
You waited, debated, and now you activated  
A musical genius that could not be duplicated  
See I have the formula for rockin the house  
If you cannot rock a party do not open your mouth  
It's that simple, no phony cosmetics to your pimple  
Take another look because the gear is not wrinkled  
The k, the r, the s, the o, the n, the e  
Sayin rhyme for eighty-seven not from 1983  
Well versed, to rehearse, and my rhymes are my curse  
Originality come first but the suckers get worse  
Allow me to include I have a very stable mood  
Poetic education of a high altitude  
I'm not an mc, so listen, call me poet or musician  
A genius when it comes to making music with ambition  
I'm cool, collected with the rhyme I directed  
Don't wanna be elected as the king of a record  
Just respected by others as the man with the solution  
An artist of the 80's came and left his contribution  
On wax, relax, there's 24 tracks  
After years of rocking parties now I picked up the knack  
Because everything that flows from out my larynx  
Takes years of experience and bottles of beck's  
I cannot seem to recollect the time I didn't have sex  
Is it real or is it memorex?  
I'm livin in a city known as new york state  
Sucka mc's gotta wait while I translate  
I hang with real live dreads with knowledge in their heads

People with ambition and straight up musicians

Although our lives have been so uprooted

I have it included, you all get zooted

So take each letter of the krs-one

Means knowledge reigns supreme over nearly everyone

You look at me and laugh, but this is your class

It's an all-out discussion of the suckas I be crushin

So now you are awakened to the music I be makin

Never duplicated, and also highly cultivated

Don't get frustrated cause nothin has been traded

Only activated, it came out very complicated

Not separated, from my dj

You see my voice is now faded

I'll see you folks around the way

Criminal minded...